

To Apologize

by Griffinwalkermw

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Summary: Every relationship eventually leads to an argument. There is no such thing as perfection. Feelings die, but never from a single incident. Especially when you care about someone, more than you do most others. Paige/OC. Also has cameo appearances of several other wrestlers.

## 1. Argument

\*\*I'm gonna say this again, and guys listen to me, this will happen, in every long term relationship. It's unavoidable, but it's not the end of the world. Trust me on this. With all that said, here's another story, in my character's relationship with Paige. As with the last installment, I'll be changing up a real UFC Fight Card, just a little bit. And this one will only be three chapters long.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Argument<p>

8/6/15, 8:30 p.m.

Griffin's P.O.V.

Well, this wasn't exactly how I thought my day would end. But I'm already getting ahead of myself. Tomorrow morning, I fly to Nashville, to be the opener of the main card, of UFC Fight Night: Teixeira vs Saint Preux. I weigh 260 lbs, which is what I weighed when I started training camp, but my body wasn't in shape for a fight, after several months since my UFC debut. Nothing really felt wrong, during this entire two weeks, which was how long ago that I got called, about this fight. Nothing felt wrong, until just now, at least. Now that I've thrown up.

It took me a minute and a half to finish, but now I feel really weak, and I'm sweating like a motherfucker. While still by the toilet, I

reach up, and flush everything away, then lean back against the bathroom wall, still sitting on the floor. Depending on how I feel tomorrow morning, I may need to pull out of the fight. I really hope that don't happen. Any opportunity to move up the rankings, is one I'll take.

When I run my hand through my hair, and let a hard breath out, Saraya takes a seat next to me, handing me a washcloth, dampened in cold water. I didn't realize she had come in. WWE let her off, to come with me, and watch the fight, like they did last time. I take the washcloth, thanking her as I do, and rub it all around my still sweating face. When I remove it, she grabs my head, and pulls me down to her collar bone, comforting me, in an effort to calm my nerves. "Breathe easy." She says to me, after she plants a kiss on my forehead.

After a minute of us sitting like this, I use the wall to get back to my feet, and walk slowly with Saraya, to the couch. I lean forward in my seat, and Saraya stays very close to me, giving me a moment, before she speaks. "I thought this might happen." I look her in the eyes, as she continues. "I came over a few times, the past two weeks. The way I saw you training, it reminded me of that fighter a couple of years ago, said he might've died from the way he was training. And I don't know for sure, but from what I saw, you're training the same way he does."

"I have to. I'm shooting for the top. And in this division, if you don't train hard, you're opponent will kill you." I respond to her.

"The way that you're training will kill you. I've seen some of you're training, even before we were dating. I've never seen you throw up, in any of that time. I come in, I'm not even home for five seconds, and I hear you throwing up."

"If it helps get me to the top, than it's what I need to do."

"You're anti-drugs. If you had to inject heroine into you're veins, to win the belt, would you do that?"

That upset me a bit. "Saraya, don't rationalize with me, with that."

"It's the only way I could make my point. Run for the belt as hard as you can, I understand that. But Griffin, where do you draw the line?"

I stand up, and walk around, to make sure that I've all my bearings back. Then, I turn to speak to Saraya. Everything that I said next, was completely driven by emotion. "There is no line. If I want to make it to the top, I have to bust my ass, whenever I train. I can never do it half way. And when I fight, I have to make sure that I make no mistakes. The only way I can get to where I want to be, is by training not only to be a better fighter, but to ensure that I'm the better fighter, in that cage, on any given night. That's what I have to do, to get that belt." What I said next, I regretted right after the last word escaped my lips. "It's not like they'll just give it to me, like they would yours!" That hurt, I could tell immediately. I loved her, but like with so many others that I either know, or love,

or both, whether I mean to, or not, I can really hurt their feelings.

Saraya didn't say another word. She had an angry gaze, but I could also see some tears beginning to form. "Dammit." She gets up and starts heading back to the door, grabbing her keys from the rack. "Saraya, wait!" I yell to her, as she moves quicker. She gets into her car, as I step outside. "I didn't mean it!" It was too late, she had pulled out of the driveway, and was gone. "I'm sorry." I say to myself. In anger, I hammer fist a wall. Hendrix then joins up with me, making a confused groan, and tilting his head to the side. "She's mad at me, boy. She's not staying. Probably not coming to the fight, either."

There was nothing I could do, after that. I head back into my home, spend half an hour sitting in silence, with my face buried in my hands, before heading to bed. I spend a night constantly shifting between sleep, and trying to get back to sleep. Finally, at 4 in the morning, I give up, knowing that I have zero problems falling asleep on a plane.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So, yeah. I've done fucked up.<strong>

## 2. Breaking Down

\*\*In case I forgot to mention, because I can't remember as I'm typing this whether or not I did, my character's opponent will be, storyline, one of the Heavyweights that the UFC picked up, from the, storyline, closing, King of the Cage. Now that that's out of the way, here's the next chapter.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Breaking Down<p>

\_ "Alright Griff, let's get your hands taped up." My coach says to me. He tosses the roll of tape to Saraya, and she gets down on one knee, while I keep my arm extended, over the back of the steel chair, I sit in. "Still can't believe you know how to do this." Coach says.\_

\_ "Because I'm a girl?" Saraya snaps at him.\_

\_ "He didn't mean it, like that." I stop the coming argument, by interrupting. "He said it, because you're a wrestler."\_

\_ "Oh okay. Well, I never taped up my hands for a match. But I used to do it for my brothers." Coach nods his head in response, gets the pads out, so I can warm up after she's done. After all the necessary tape is in place, Saraya takes a moment with me, before coach sends her out of the locker room. She kisses my lips, and then looks me in the eyes. "You can do this."\_

\_ I nod my head a couple times, then speak. "See you when it's over."\_

"Griffin!" I'm interrupted from my memory, by Robert Follis. He grabs

the back of my head hard, to snap me out of my trance. "What'd I tell you, kid? Don't let what happened with her distract you." I tightly shut my eyes, and nod my head. It wouldn't be easy to forget about it, for a short while, but I had no choice. "Now come on, fight's about to start. Keep you're nerves, and you're thoughts, in check. When you win this, you can figure out how to patch things up."

I step out of the locker room, and as I reach the curtain, Godsmack's Turning to Stone starts to fill the arena. One thing that never changes with me, is my entrance. And despite what weighs me down, this one is no different. I never take my eyes off the cage, and since I'm the first one out, I only look elsewhere, when I reach the steps, at which point, I look back at those who walked out with me, and bang forearms with each. After the referee does the standard procedure, I walk up the steps, and because I'm the first one in, instead of slamming the door, I simply throw up a pair of horns, in the air, then do a single lap around the cage.

As the music of my opponent hits, I turn around, and do some last stretching. When I run my opponents name by myself one more time, and that's when I realize why the name sounded familiar. This is the same guy who I was originally going to fight, in my King of the Cage debut, "Cagey" Curt Harris. It didn't end up happening, because he went down with a broken rib. Despite being scheduled to, we never shared a cage. Better late than never. Whereas I usually only hear nothing, until introductions begin, I hear nothing until the referee asks if I'm ready, to which I nod my head, and he says "Fight!"

Curt and I take the center of the cage to touch gloves, then get to work. After circling the cage a few times, Curt breaks the stand-off, by dropping back on his collegiate wrestling history, for a double leg takedown. Due to my increased physical strength, I'm able to defend, and then toss him back, which caught him off guard. Not wanting to go to the ground at this moment, I wait for him to get back to his feet. A few seconds after he does, he locks me in a dirty boxing clinch, until I hit him with a right hook from that position, which makes him pull away. A minute has passed.

Turning the tables, as Curt gets closer to the cage wall, I shoot for the takedown, before switching to double under hooks. As soon as we're in this position, I give another show of strength, I execute a suplex from this position, earning a crowd reaction, and then transition to side control, immediately. I repeatedly knee at his ribs, from this position, but then make the mistake of going for an arm-triangle choke, as he was trying to roll away. I hold onto his wrist for all of a second, before he's back to his feet. There's 3:15 left in the round.

What happened next, started sending everything downhill. Inadvertently, Harris kicks me down south, and I drop to my knees, immediately. After Thursday night, I kind of felt like I deserved that. I was allowed up to five minutes to recover, but I only took a minute. I would regret that later.

After I told the ref I was ready to fight, and touched gloves with Curt again. There's three minutes left in the round. For the rest of the round, I can barely scrounge up any significant offence. At 2:45 left in the round, it was only one, but I was hit by a knee in the Muay Thai clinch, and when I broke free, I shook my head fast a few times, to get rid of some stars, hiding the pain as best as I could.

Eight seconds later, I throw a left jab, that's countered by a sharp kick to my stomach. I can't hide that pain. I hunch over, and Curt takes the opportunity to shoot for a take down. As he lifts me up off the ground, I grab at his right arm, to prepare a kimura. Then he slams me. My immediate reaction: "FUCK!"

In all reality, something was very wrong. My back was shaking uncontrollably, after that slam, and I really had to focus to keep the grip on the kimura. It took a couple of seconds, to get the arm bent. Now I had to crank, and pray that if the ref stopped the fight, it would be when Harris tapped out, not to stand us up. When the clock struck 2:09 left in the round, Curt tapped out. In spite of my strength, I couldn't put my back into it, or I felt like my back would snap. The referee got me to release the hold, and as Curt sat up, that's when he saw the pained expression on my face. I had won the fight, but I felt like I had just been hit by a truck.

What I did next, was plain stupid. I rolled over onto my stomach, and then attempted to use the cage wall, to get back to my feet. I made it onto one knee, before screaming, and falling back to the ground. I'm on my back again, writhing from the pain. As I look up into the lights, and more and more people surround me, I black out, but not before I have a flashback to Thursday night, and the argument with Saraya. That's when a realization hits me. "You were right." I say, before all goes black.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I've had a back injury from a slam. Trust me, it's one of the worst feelings possible.<strong>

### 3. Opposite Day

\*\*Now, time to finish this installment. The entirety of this chapter, will be third person. You'll understand why, when you read all of it.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Opposite Day<p>

Backstage, at a house show...

As Paul, Stephanie, and Vince watched what transpired at the end of Griffin Walker's fight, at the request of Saraya, there was genuine concern, from Paul and Stephanie. Vince was more concerned that Paige would run off, and no show RAW and Smackdown, due to this, which he didn't want. "My God." Stephanie said.

"There's no way he's not going under the knife." Paul concludes.

"Both of you, send the message to everyone." Vince starts. "Paige does not find out about this, until after Smackdown is recorded."

"Dad, the storyline can make it, if one person is not present for it, for one week." Stephanie responds.

"She's right." Paul adds.

"Maybe it can, but I'm not taking any chances. Anyone who notifies Paige of this, is to be immediately terminated." Vince goes to leave the office. "No excuses, and no questioning this order. See to it, now!" He leaves the door open, and exits the office.

"I don't like this." Paul says.

"Me neither. But if we don't, then someone will lose their job, for doing the right thing."

"They may have already done the right thing. She's finished her match, and I doubt we're the only ones who know about this."

Meanwhile...

As Paige comes out from the ring, after her match with Naomi, and into backstage, she runs her hand through her hair, and sighs. She takes a bottle of water, and though she probably wouldn't admit it, the only thing that's been on her mind, all day, is Griffin. She wondered if he was still fighting, or if it was over. She takes a sip of the water, and is then joined by Brie Bella. "Paige." She starts. "There's something you need to see."

"Can it wait?" She asks.

"Not this."

"Brie, I need to find out how Griffin is, or see how he's doing."

"Actually, that's what this is about. Griffin won, but what happened afterward, you should see for yourself."

Concerned, Paige follows Brie into her locker room, joining up with Nikki, who presses play as soon as she sees Paige. They were watching the fight, just to see how Griffin did, not knowing that Paige asked the McMahons to do the exact same. That's when Paige saw the slam Griffin withstood. She heard him cuss when he hit the floor, but didn't think much of it, because he still had hold of his submission. Twenty seconds later, he made his opponent tap out, and the fight was brought to a conclusion. That's when it began to hit Paige, on how much damage Griffin had really taken. Others began to surround him, as he tried to get to his feet. Paige shook her head, as she began to grow emotional. "Stay down!" She exclaims, hoping Griffin would just for once, not be tough. She watched him get to one knee, then fall back down, his scream being recorded along with the fall. She could no longer hold back her tears, at the sight of this, breaking down.

No more than a minute after she broke down, the three women were joined by Paul, and Stephanie. "We're too late." Stephanie said, drawing attention to her and Paul.

"For what?" Nikki asks them.

"Vince gave the order that Saraya wasn't supposed to find out about this." Paul started. "He also said that if anyone told her, that

person would be terminated immediately."

"Oh God." Brie started. "Listen, I wouldn't have told her i-"

"Relax. You didn't know. We're not gonna fire you."

"But my father can't find out that you know." Stephanie said. "Saraya, promise me that you won't go see Griffin, until after Smackdown is recorded. If you leave for the hospital, Vince will eventually find out that Brie told you."

"I won't put her career in danger." Saraya responds.

"Thank you. And I'm sorry about this. My father is just overreacting."

"Again." Paul chimes in. The two then leave the locker room.

"Paige, you're not mad at us, are you?" Brie asks.

"Of course not." She responds. "You didn't know. I-it'll be hard, but I can wait. After what happened on Thursday night, I need to think on what I'm going to say to him." She then looks back up to the T.V, and watches paramedics carry Griffin away on a stretcher. As she starts to cry again, Nikki turns the T.V off. Both Bella twins comfort her, for as long as she needs them to.

Wednesday, 2:00 p.m. 8/12/15...

Due to his injury clearly being a back injury, and also clearly being severe, Griffin was rushed to Nashville's Hospital for Spinal Surgery. Doctors began work on him, immediately after their diagnosis. His spinal cord had taken damage. He had suffered from an incomplete, paraplegia injury, meaning that he was not in danger of paralysis. Though if he was, he clearly would've lost his fight, as paralysis would have taken hold, as soon as he hit the mat.

Now, after a complete success of a surgery was a complete success, and after blacking out in the cage, Griffin has come to. He immediately feels the pain of his back, which was properly covered, in response to the surgery. Cringing, he rests his hand on his forehead, tightly shutting his eyes, and attempting to calm his body, and draw his mind away from the pain. When he's calmed himself down enough, he lays completely into the hospital bed, and looks out the window. He spent the next hour trying to pass back out, but though he was ignoring the pain, it also seemed to keep him awake. After a while, He just gives up, and leaves his eyes open, waiting for someone to come in, and check up on him. While time passes by, he hears a doctor saying that they'll test Griffin for Rhabdomyolysis, the same condition that nearly killed Junior Dos Santos, just a few years ago.

Little did he know, that a doctor peaked his head in the door, didn't say a word, saw that he was awake, and then headed to a nearby waiting room.

2:55 p.m...

A flight from Portland, from Smackdown tapings, to Nashville wasn't

exactly something that Saraya thought we become a part of her schedule, this week. But with what happened to Griffin, it was a shake up she didn't mind. Robert Follis, Griffin's Xtreme Couture coach, called her, and instructed her where to go, not long after she landed. Not one of the men that were in his corner had gone home, yet when she arrived, they returned to their hotel rooms, and she told them she would let them know when he had awoken. She'd be lying if she said she knew what she was going to say to him. But she wasn't thinking about it anymore. She was adopting a strategy, that was exactly the same as how he approached life: Move on the fly.

It was now time to see how it would all play out. The doctor came into the waiting room, and told Saraya that he had seen Griffin awake. He led her to his room, and surely enough there he was. He was looking away from her, out to the window. The doctor left the two alone, and she lightly tapped on the door. Griffin looks over to her, and is happy to see her, but considering an event that occurred last year, and resulted in Saraya being in the hospital, the slight Deja vu of this situation was not lost on him. "What is this, Opposite Day?" He jokingly asks.

For now, Saraya is able to hold back the tears, though it is difficult. She smiles at his joke, then walks up, and takes a seat next to his bed. "How long have you been awake?" She asks.

"Probably an hour. I'd have gone back to sleep... but I'm pretty sure the pain has kept me awake."

"How do you feel?"

"Broken. In more ways than one."

"When did it go wrong?"

"The second Curt slammed me. I knew right away that something was seriously wrong. If I'd have let go of that kimura, who knows how much damage he might've done." Listening to Griffin describe his injury, Saraya was unable to keep holding the tears back. "Hey... hey," Griffin reaches out with his right arm, and grabs her wrist. "I'm all right now."

"I should've been there."

"Stop. No blame lies with you, Saraya. You were right. The way that I was training, it strengthened my capabilities sure, but it also weakened me. Those shots that I took, they hurt a lot more than they should have. And, earlier today... I heard a doctor say that I need to be tested for Rhabdomyolysis, just to be sure."

"For what?"

"That fighter you brought up, on Thursday. First, his name is Junior Dos Santos. Second, he suffered from this condition, due to the way he trained. And like you said, it almost killed him. You were right. The way I train from now on, will never, ever mirror the way I trained for this fight."

"Good. I don't want to watch them carry you out on a stretcher, ever again." She took his hand off of her wrist, put it in hers, and kissed it.



"There's one more thing." Griffin knew he had to apologize, but he hadn't done it in so long. "What I said to you... it was wrong. I know how the business works. I know that they don't just hand those out to just anyone, most of the time. And I know how long you've worked, how hard you've trained. I... I'm sorry. I never should've said that."

"You're right, you shouldn't have. But one mistake, isn't enough to make me fall out of love with you. I forgive you, Griffin."

Griffin smiled. "Makes this situation a lot less depressing."

Saraya smiles back at him, then stands up out of her seat, and gently presses her lips to his. Although Griffin's life may very well be in danger, he was happy to have her back. He made a huge mistake, with what he said to Saraya, but she forgave him. "I'll stay with you, as much as I can. I promise."

As much as he could, Griffin leaned forward, and they embraced each other. He plants a kiss on her cheek, then she sits back down, and they go back to the conversations they used to have, before Thursday, and things went back to normal.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And that's that. Thanks for checking out the latest installment. I appreciate it, and I'll see you next time.<strong>

End  
file.